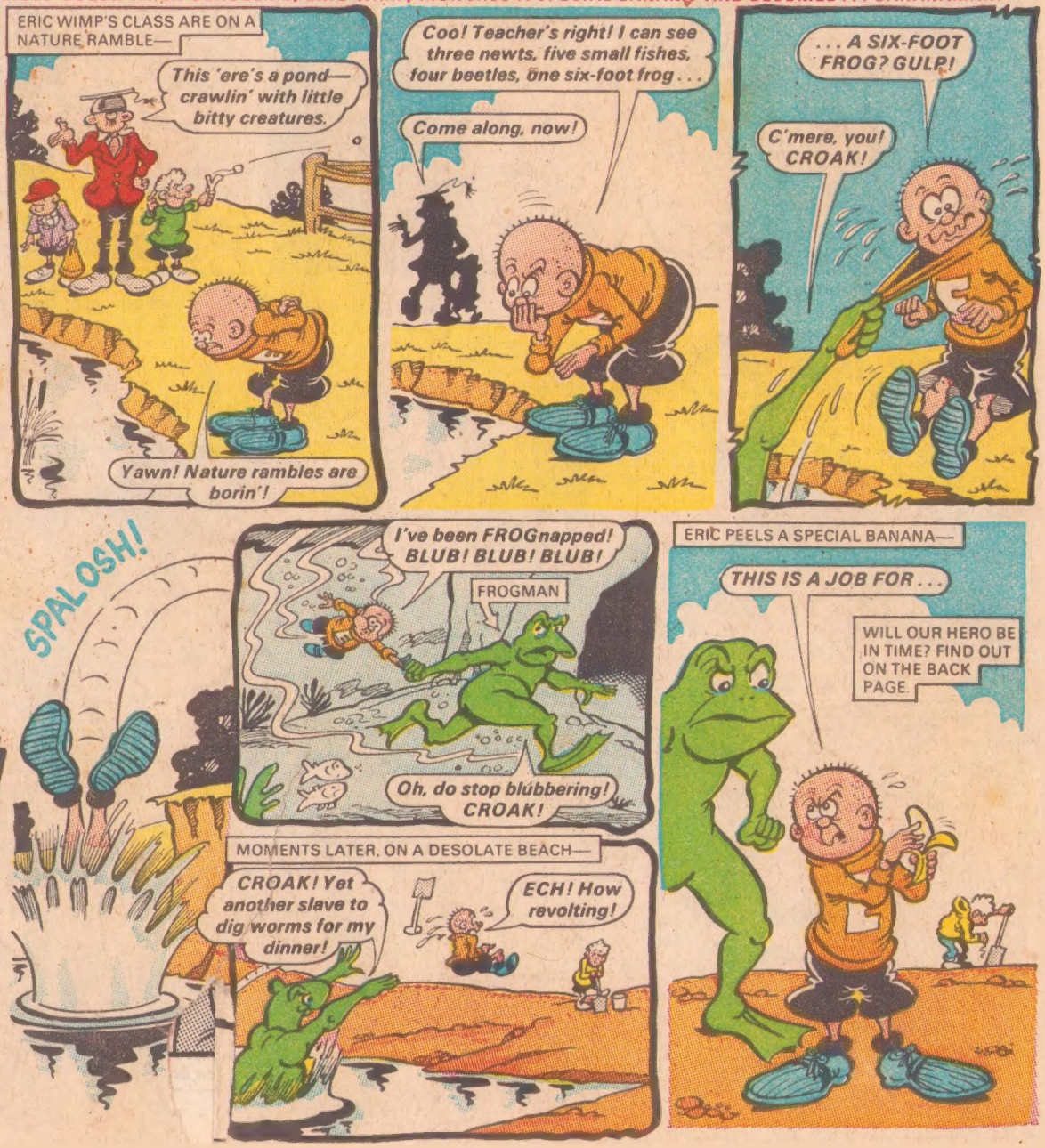
Don't miss THE WILD ROVERS ON THE CENTRE PAGES!

NUTTY

No. 58 MARCH 21st, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 10p

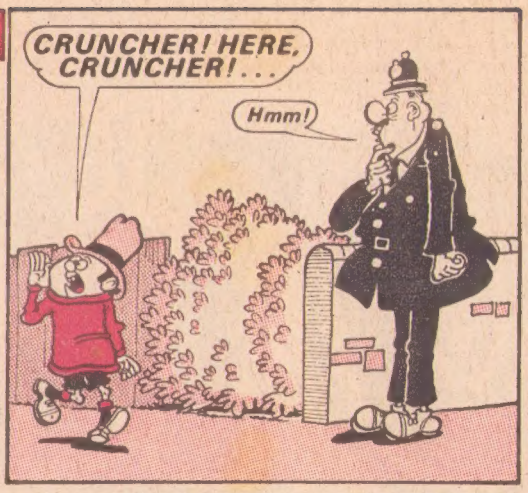
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN SCHOOLKID, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . . BANANAMAN!

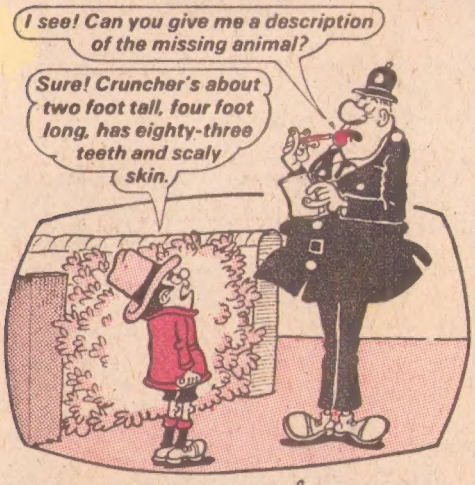
BANANAMAN

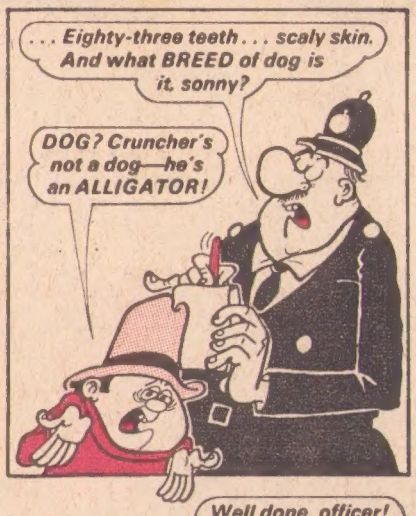

ERIC WIMP'S CLASS ARE ON A NATURE RAMBLE—
This 'ere's a pond—crawlin' with little bitty creatures.
Yawn! Nature rambles are borin'!
Coo! Teacher's right! I can see three newts, five small fishes, four beetles, one six-foot frog . . .
Come along, now!
. . . A SIX-FOOT FROG? GULP!
C'mere, you! CROAK!
SPALOSH!
I've been FROGnapped! BLUB! BLUB! BLUB!
FROGMAN
Oh, do stop blubbering! CROAK!
ERIC PEELS A SPECIAL BANANA—
THIS IS A JOB FOR . . .
WILL OUR HERO BE IN TIME? FIND OUT ON THE BACK PAGE.
MOMENTS LATER, ON A DESOLATE BEACH—
CROAK! Yet another slave to dig worms for my dinner!
ECH! How revolting!

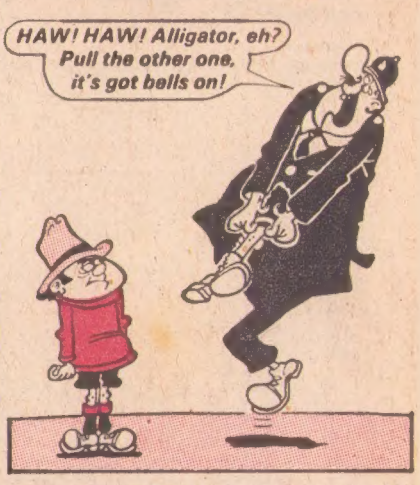
JAY R. HOOD

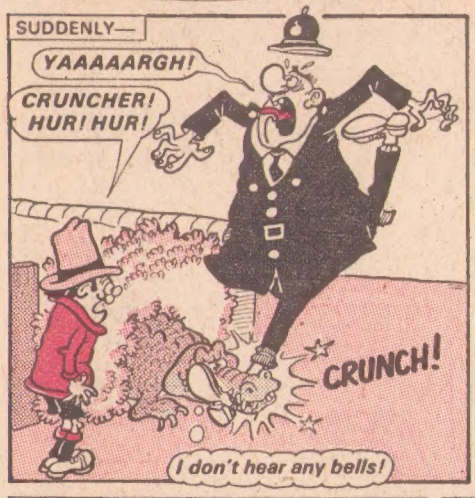
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

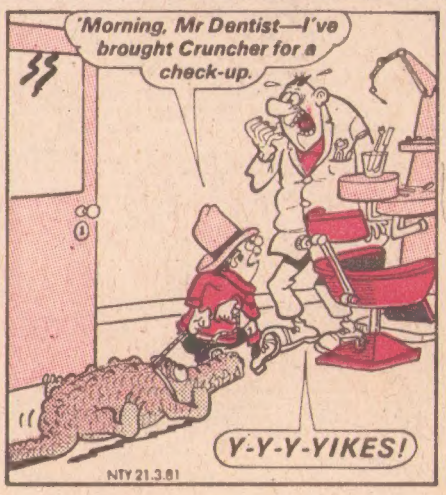


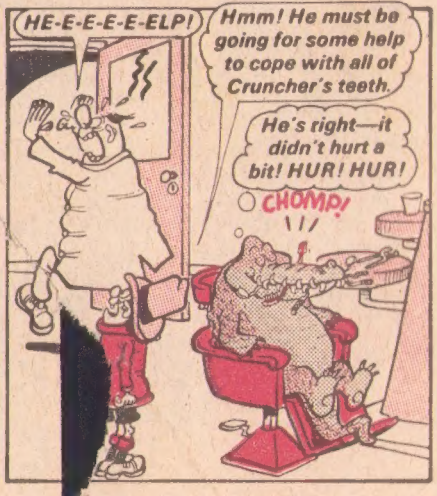

I see! Can you give me a description of the missing animal?
Sure! Cruncher's about two foot tall, four foot long, has eighty-three teeth and scaly skin.











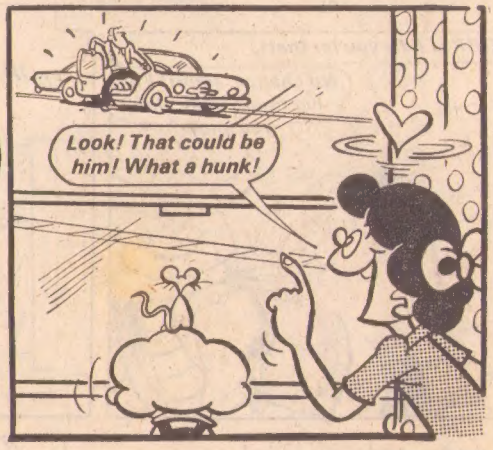
PETER Pest

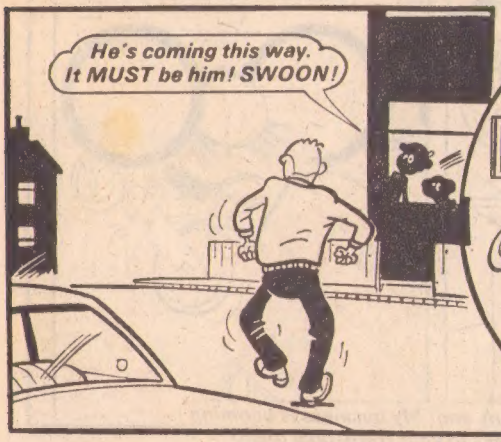
Doris has got a blind date today. She's never even seen the guy.

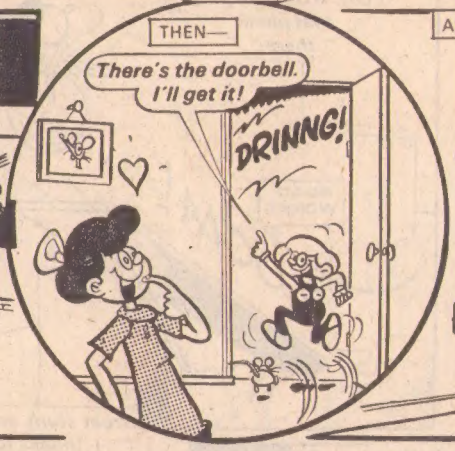
How do I look?
GOSH! Just as well it's a blind date. He'd have to be pretty short-sighted at least to fancy you!
GULP!

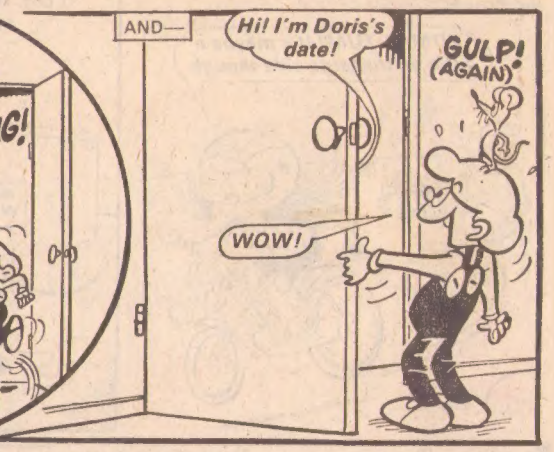
I wonder what he'll be like? . . .
. . . Probably tall, dark and handsome, like Paul Newman!

WHAT'S HE LAUGHING AT?
More likely to be short, fat and ugly like Paul Snogsworthy from down the road! Heh! Heh!

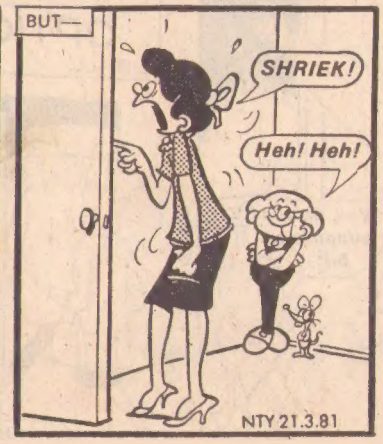

Look! That could be him! What a hunk!


He's coming this way. It MUST be him! SWOON!


THEN—
There's the doorbell. I'll get it!
DRINNG!


AND—
Hi! I'm Doris's date!
GULP! (AGAIN)
WOW!

It's not the chap from the car after all, Sis, but you'll like him all the same. He's REALLY handsome!
Let me at him!


BUT—
SHRIEK!
Heh! Heh!
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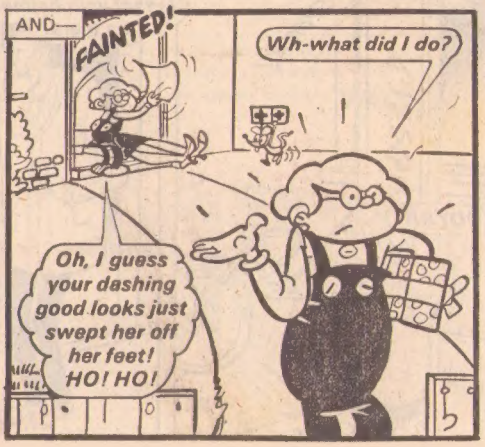
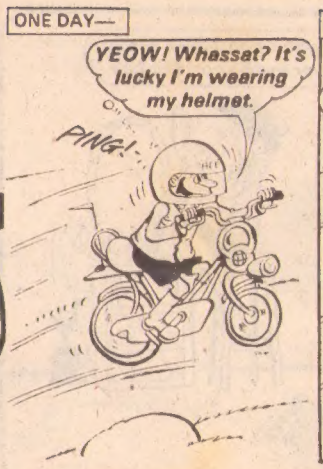
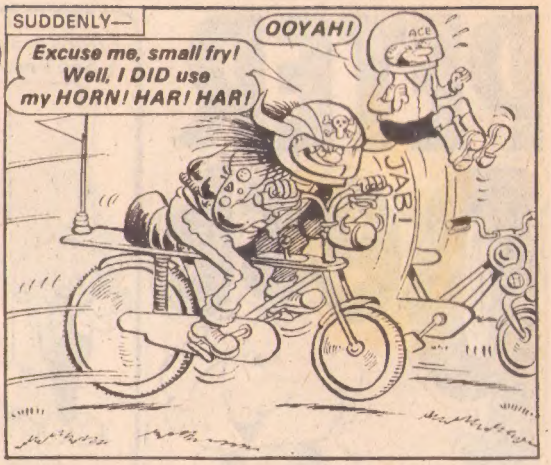
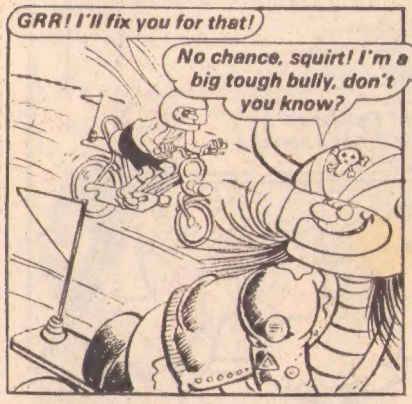
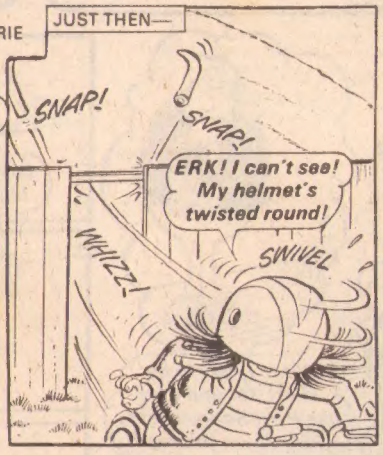

AND—
FAINTED!
Wh-what did I do?
Oh, I guess your dashing good looks just swept her off her feet! HO! HO!

FATBELLY
FLASH
The
WHEELIES
ACE
BARRIE


ONE DAY—
YEOW! Whassat? It's lucky I'm wearing my helmet.
PING!

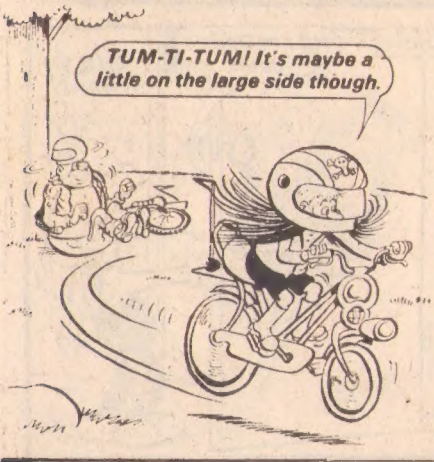

SUDDENLY—
OOYAH!
Excuse me, small fry! Well, I DID use my HORN! HAR! HAR!
ACE
JAB!

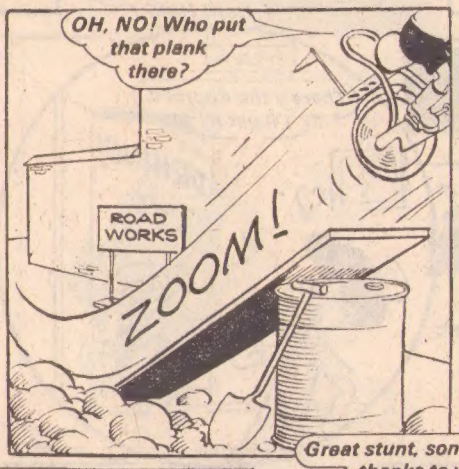

GRR! I'll fix you for that!
No chance, squirt! I'm a big tough bully, don't you know?

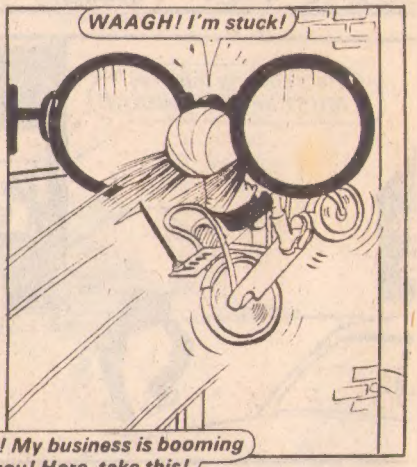

JUST THEN—
SNAP!
SNAP!
ERK! I can't see! My helmet's twisted round!
WHIZZ!
SNIVEL

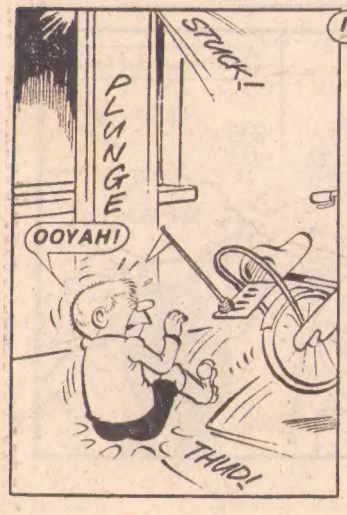
HO! HO! Serves him right!
URGH!
THUNK!

Coo! That wasn't his hair at all—what a super helmet!
GROAN!


TUM-TI-TUM! It's maybe a little on the large side though.


OH, NO! Who put that plank there?
ROAD WORKS
ZOOM!


WAAGH! I'm stuck!


STUCK!
PLUNGE
OOYAH!
THUD!

Is that your helmet up there?
Well, er, yes I suppose so, but . . .
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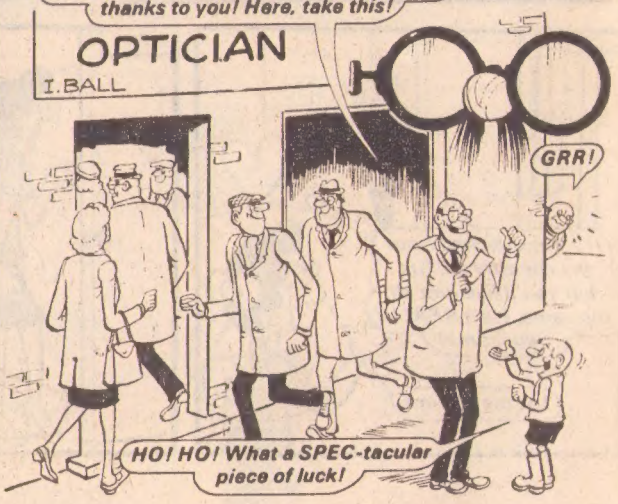
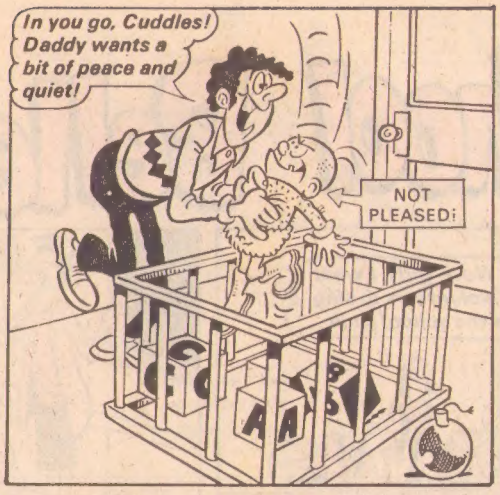

Great stunt, son! My business is booming thanks to you! Here, take this!
OPTICIAN
I.BALL
GRR!
HO! HO! What a SPEC-tacular piece of luck!

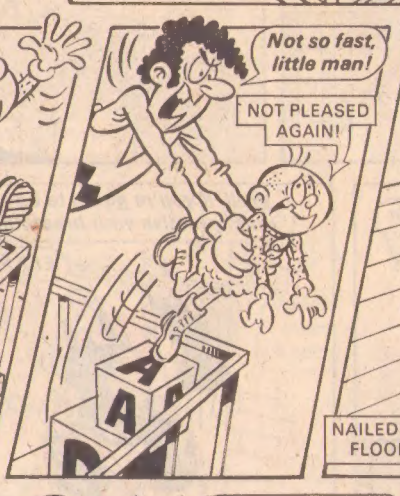
Cuddles

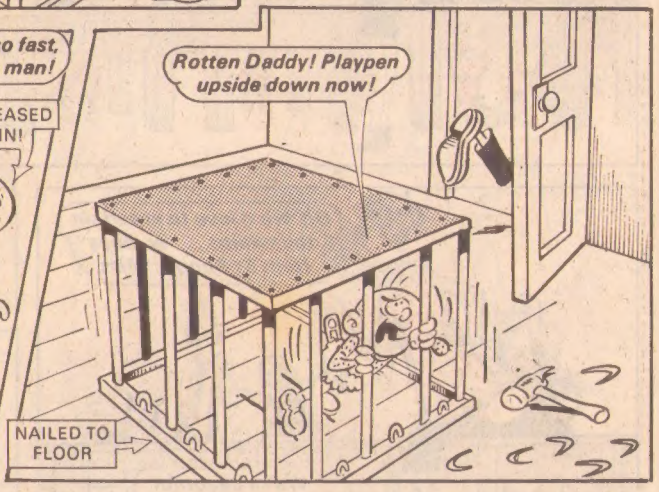
MUM
DAD
CUDDLES

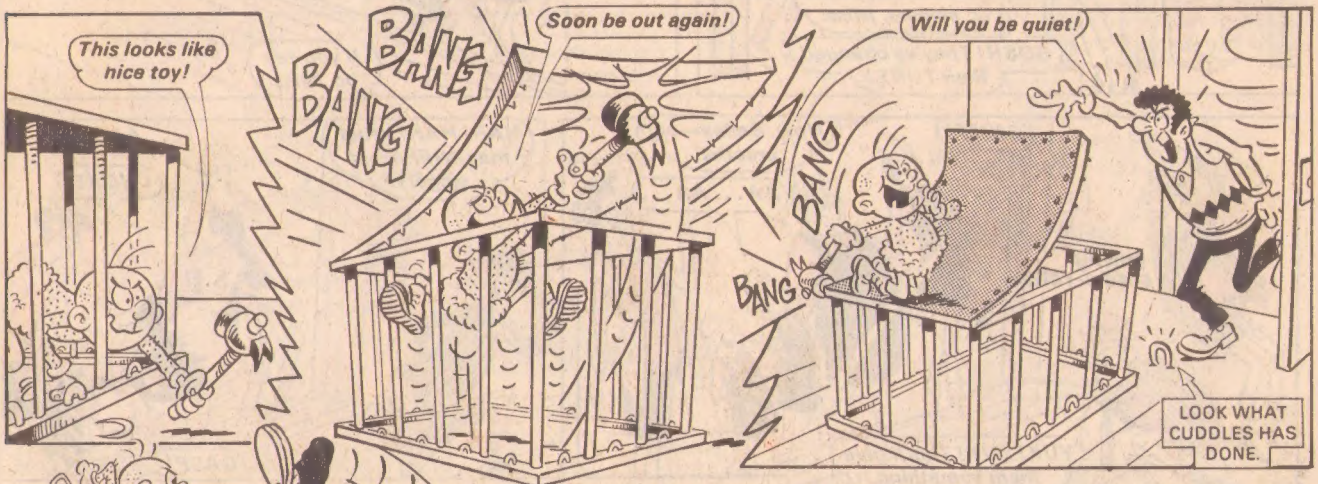

In you go, Cuddles! Daddy wants a bit of peace and quiet!
NOT PLEASED!

DAD LEAVES. AND . . .
Me soon get out!

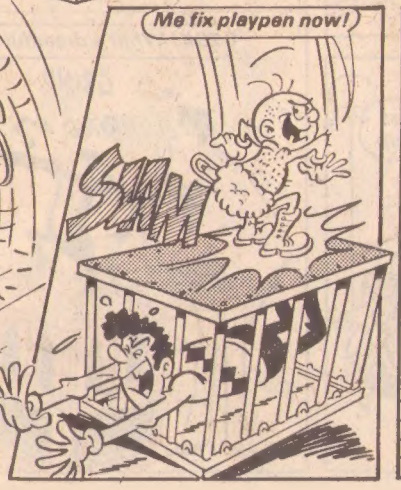
'Seasy, as A B C!

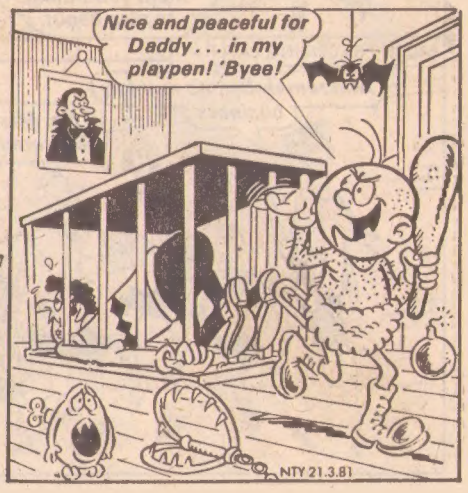

Not so fast, little man!
NOT PLEASED AGAIN!


Rotten Daddy! Playpen upside down now!
NAILED TO FLOOR


This looks like nice toy!
BANG
BANG
Soon be out again!
Will you be quiet!
BANG
BANG
LOOK WHAT CUDDLES HAS DONE.

YAAH!
LEAP
TRIP


Me fix playpen now!
SAM


Nice and peaceful for Daddy . . . in my playpen! 'Byee!
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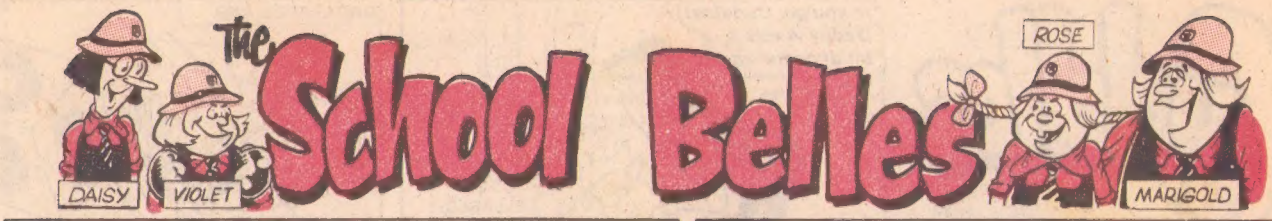
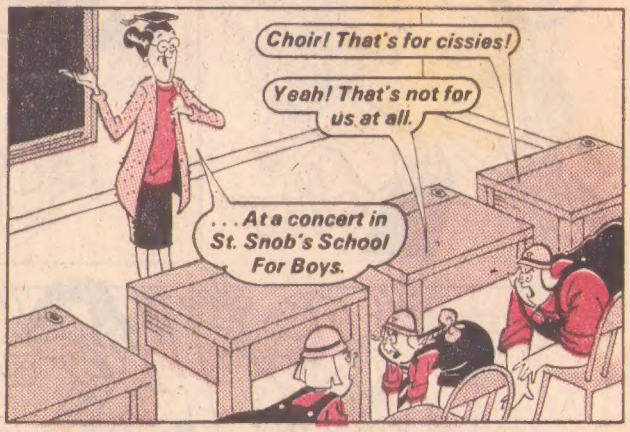
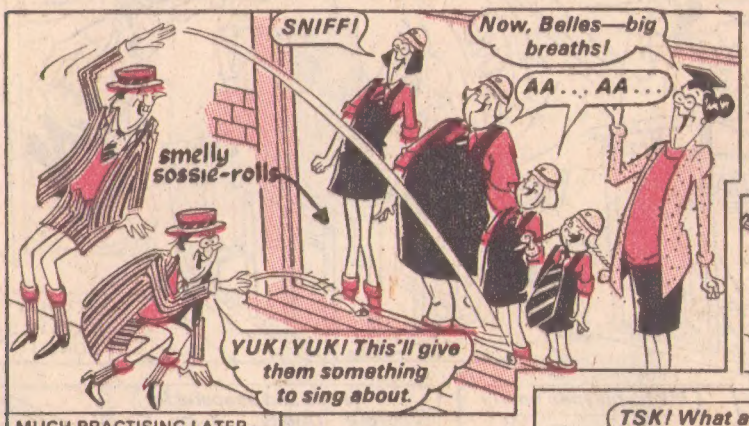
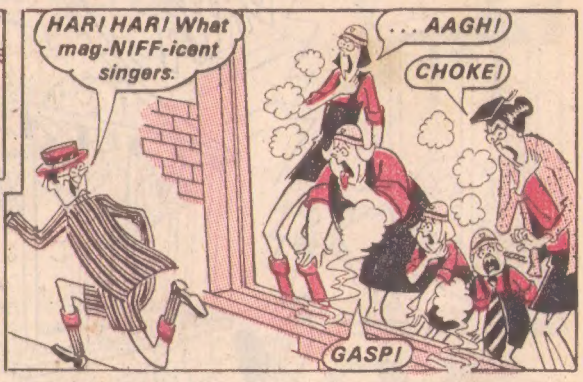
The School Belles



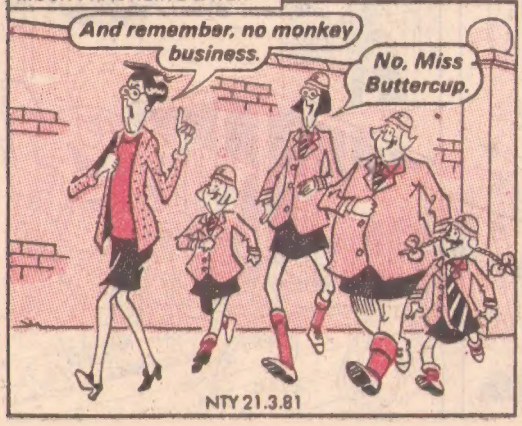


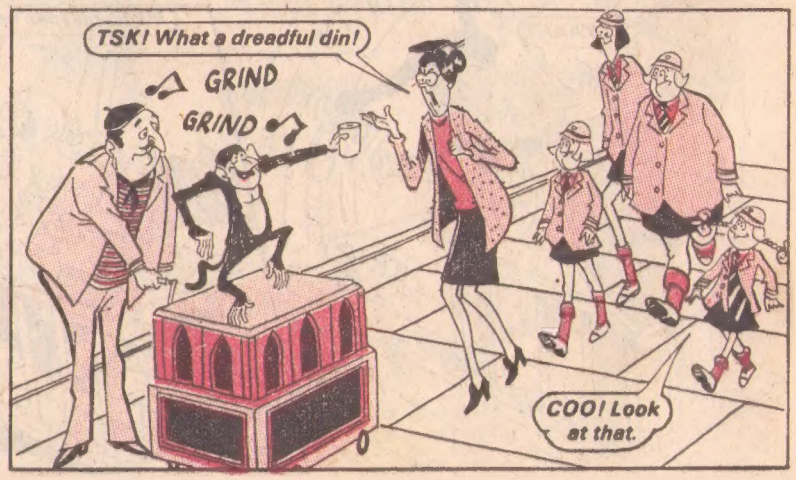
Oh, we'd love to entertain the twerps . . . er, boys from St Snob's, Miss.
We're beautiful singers, Miss.
GOSH! They've changed their TUNE!

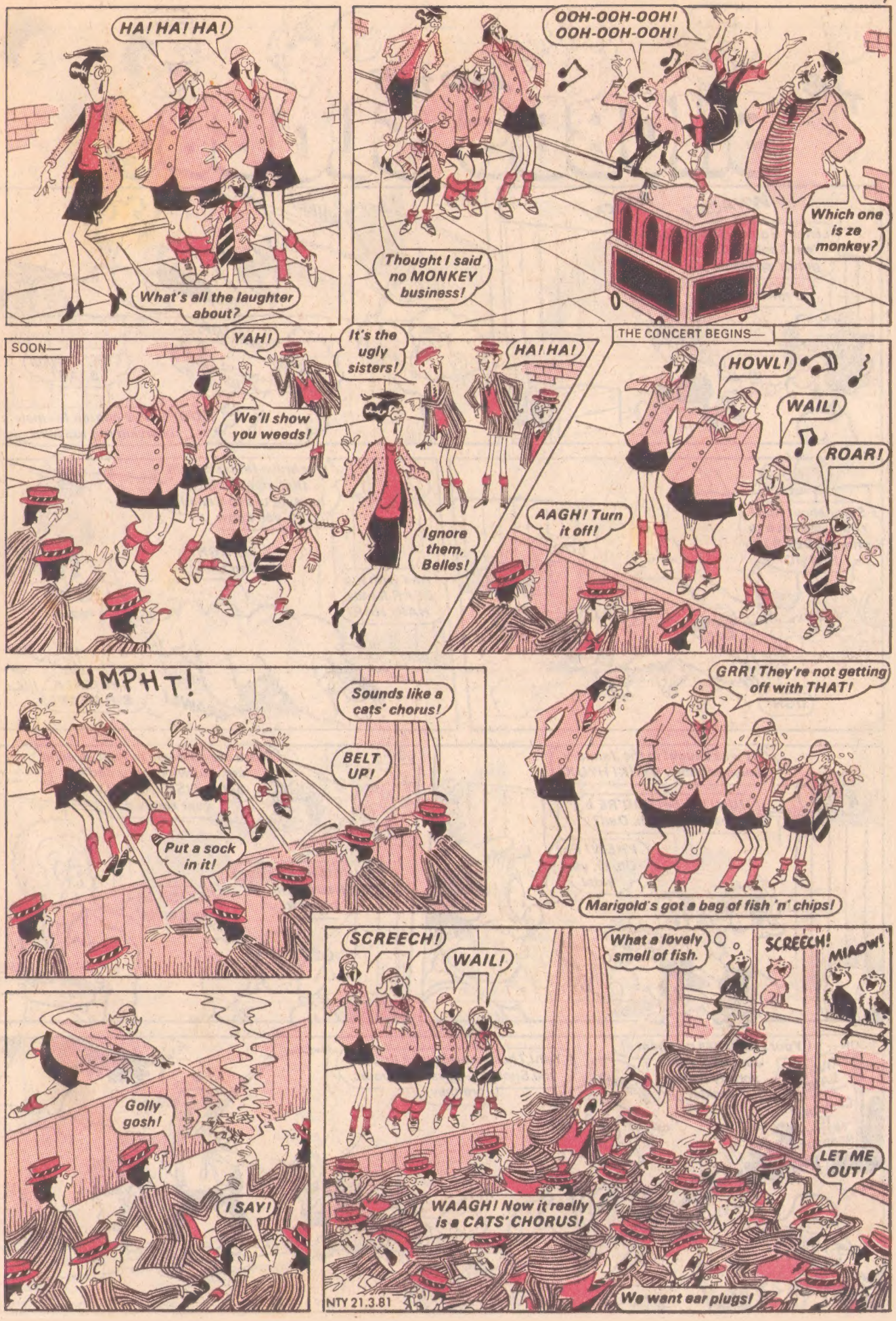




MUCH PRACTISING LATER—






HA! HA! HA!
What's all the laughter about?
OOH-OOH-OOH! OOH-OOH-OOH!
Which one is ze monkey?
Thought I said no MONKEY business!
SOON—
YAH!
It's the ugly sisters!
HA! HA!
We'll show you weeds!
Ignore them, Belles!
THE CONCERT BEGINS—
HOWL!
WAIL!
ROAR!
AAGH! Turn it off!
UMPHT!
Sounds like a cats' chorus!
BELT UP!
Put a sock in it!
GRR! They're not getting off with THAT!
Marigold's got a bag of fish 'n' chips!
Golly gosh!
I SAY!
SCREECH!
WAIL!
What a lovely smell of fish.
SCREECH!
MIAOW!
LET ME OUT!
WAAGH! Now it really is a CATS' CHORUS!
We want ear plugs!
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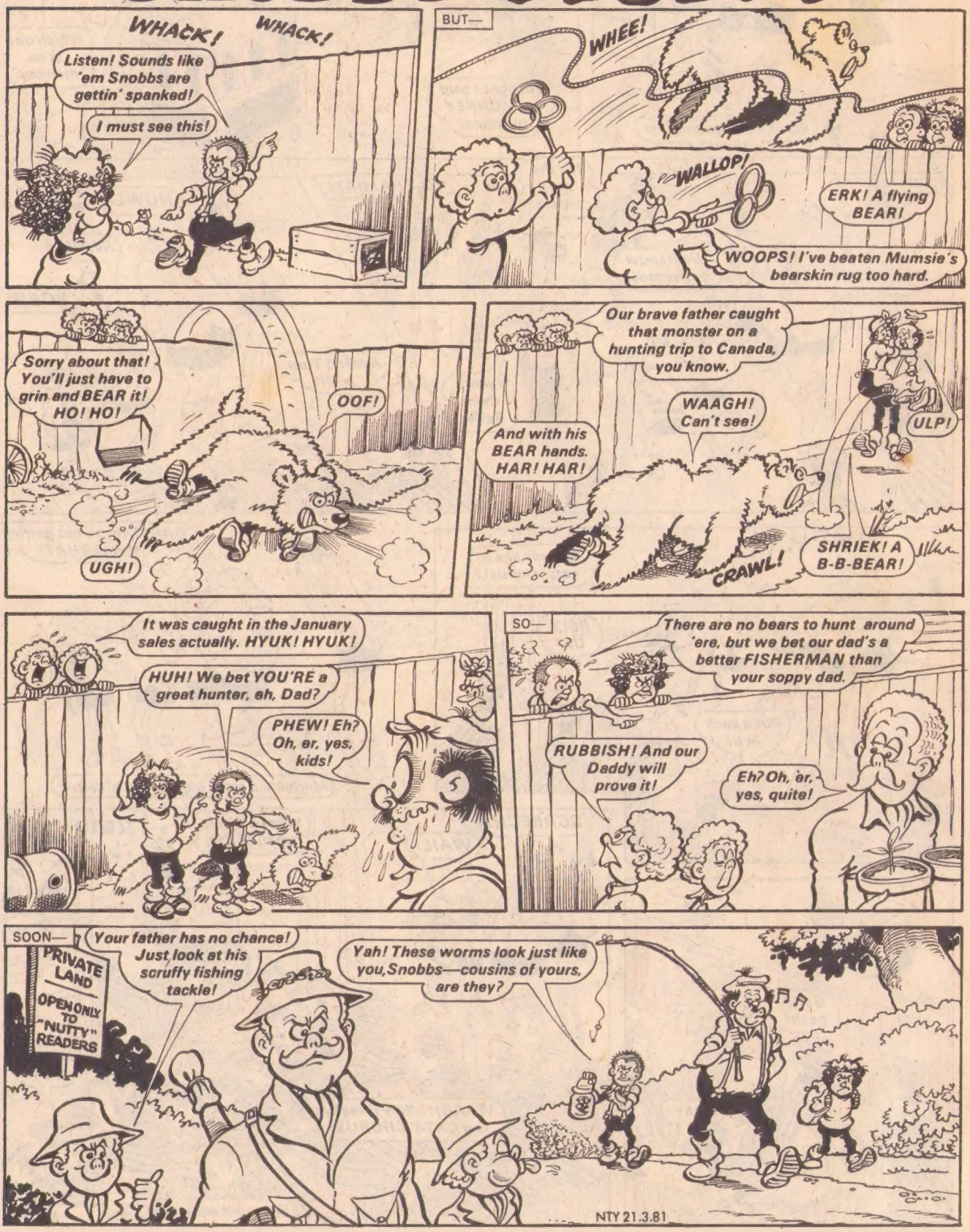
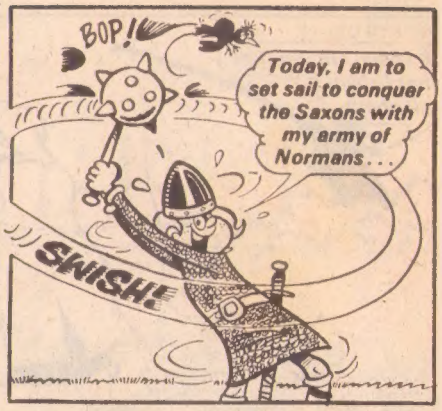
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

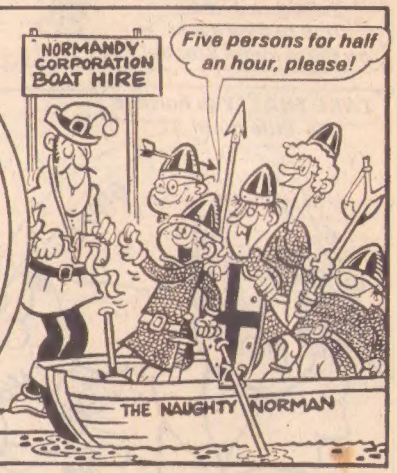

WHACK!
WHACK!
Listen! Sounds like 'em Snobbs are gettin' spanked!
I must see this!
BUT—
WHEE!
WALLOP!
ERK! A flying BEAR!
WOOPS! I've beaten Mumsie's bearskin rug too hard.
Sorry about that! You'll just have to grin and BEAR it! HO! HO!
OOF!
UGH!
Our brave father caught that monster on a hunting trip to Canada, you know.
WAAGH! Can't see!
And with his BEAR hands. HAR! HAR!
ULP!
CRAWL!
SHRIEK! A B-B-BEAR!
It was caught in the January sales actually. HYUK! HYUK!
HUH! We bet YOU'RE a great hunter, eh, Dad?
PHEW! Eh? Oh, er, yes, kids!
SO—
There are no bears to hunt around 'ere, but we bet our dad's a better FISHERMAN than your soppy dad.
RUBBISH! And our Daddy will prove it!
Eh? Oh, er, yes, quite!
SOON—
PRIVATE LAND
OPEN ONLY TO "NUTTY" READERS
Your father has no chance! Just look at his scruffy fishing tackle!
Yah! These worms look just like you, Snobbs—cousins of yours, are they?
NTY 21.3.81

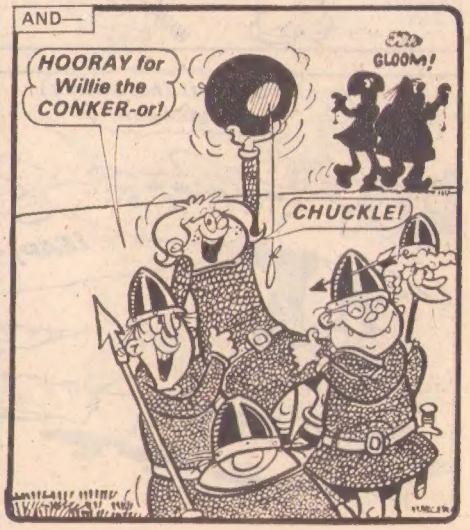
FARTHER ON—
I'll show 'em Snobbs what fishing's all about.
Now to play a joke on those awful Slobbs!
WOW! WHASSAT?
YEEOW!
JERK!
It seems you've got a bite!
TAKE THAT! You horrible, little man!
BIFF!
HO! HO! It's an old TROUT!
GNNGH!
A big one, too!
SOON, AT LAKE NUTTY—
I'm wading out to where the bigger fish will be. SNIFF!
BAH! I'll only catch tiddlers from 'ere!
HOI! What's goin' on?
You'll just 'ave to wade out too, Dad.
GASP!
TWEET! TWEET!
WHIFF
EVIL STENCH
BRR! It's freezin'!
You can do it, Dad!
Do wash your feet while you're there.
GUFF
WHEEZE!
Lemme out! That water's polluted now.
LEAP!
CRIKEY! A PIKE!
NTY 21.3.81
HA! HA! OUR Dad caught a monster pike with his BARE feet!
No bother!
GRR! De-FEET-ed by the Slobbs!

STEEVIE STAR AS— WILLIE the CONQUEROR in NORMAN INVASION

HALF-PAST TEN, MONDAY MORNING, JUNE THE FIRST, 1066, OR THEREABOUTS!...
I am Willie the Conqueror—the greatest warrior in all history!
1st CLASS MAIL







SPORTS FAN

'SME!

I'm off to play indoor bowls, Mum!

Not so fast, Fan! You're going to help me with the cleaning!

You can tidy up that lot for starters!

AW! I'll never get to my bowls match!

SHORTLY—

HMM! Some of these old clothes could be useful!

That's your plumbing fixed, Missus! Must be getting along now!

Plumbing? But I didn't...

WHIRR!

FAN! I might have guessed! Come back here!

Er... see you later, Mum!

PHEW! I hope I'm in time for my game!

INDOOR BOWLING CENTRE

ERK! Someone's left their bag lying about!

INDOOR BOWLS TOURNAMENT

ULP! I'm on the move!

REFRESHMENTS

EEK!

JUMP

Can't stop!

Get her!

I say!

UH?

NTY 21 3 81

THEN—

You can clean my dress next!

Then you'll scrub out all those marks!

And fix the table!

I should have stayed at home and had less work to do!

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

TEE-HEE! I hate those horrible stray dogs! KNOCK! KNOCK! ONE DOG-CATCHER, (SLIGHTLY BONKERS)

Go away! Whatever you're selling, I don't want it! But Mr Crumb! You've won the pools! Won't you let me . . .

. . . In! ERK! How much have I won? HOW MUCH?

One million pounds! The presentation ceremony is tomorrow! I'M RICH!

LATER— ULP! Here comes Basil! We'd better run!

BUT— UH? He's not chasing us! ? ? ? SCREECH!

CRUMB! You lazy slob! Get after those dogs or you're fired! BASIL'S BOSS

SPLOTCH! Fired? That means getting the boot, doesn't it?

But that doesn't bother me now that I've won the pools!

In fact, it's you who's going to . . . BOUNCE! BOUNCE!

. . . Get the BOOT! BOOT! Now you've won the pools, you won't bother chasing us, Basil!

Oh, but I will! And I'll buy lots of equipment to help me! MISSILE

And I'll build a special dog-pound that you'll never escape from! RUN!!!

NEXT DAY— BIG WIN POOLS £1,000,000 PRESENTATION Congrat . . . SNATCH! Ready, Rovers! Forget the speeches! Just give me the cash!

WIN POOLS YAA! Basil couldn't catch flu! It's Them! And his feet smell!

I'm rich! Now you can't escape!

I've got a million! I've got a million! In here! That money has driven Basil potty. GRAND ART AUCTION TODAY

Now, who'll give me a million pounds for this vase?

I've got a million! I've got . . . SNATCH! Sold to you, sir!

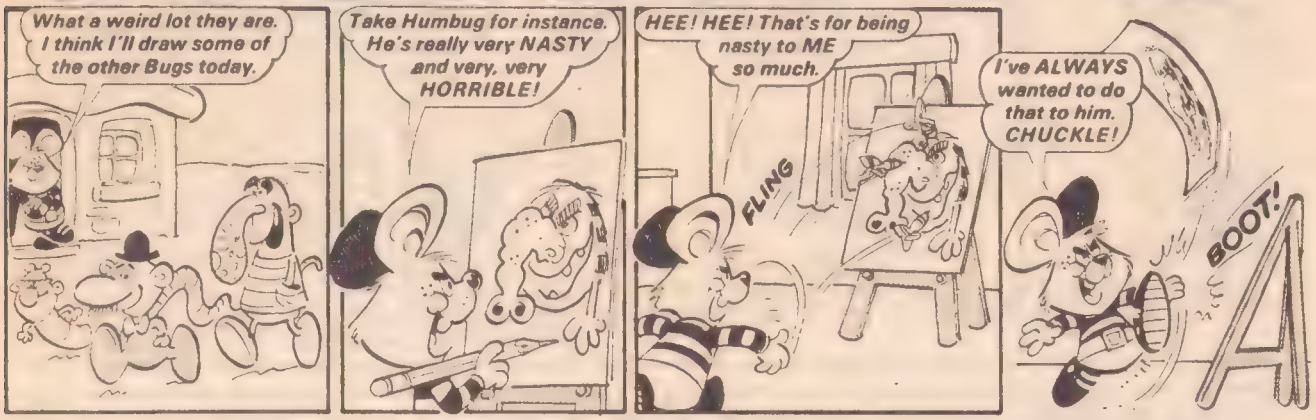
Eh? I . . . er . . . what . . ? My money, it's GONE. Catch! . . . Tch-tch! Who's a clumsy boy then? SMASH!

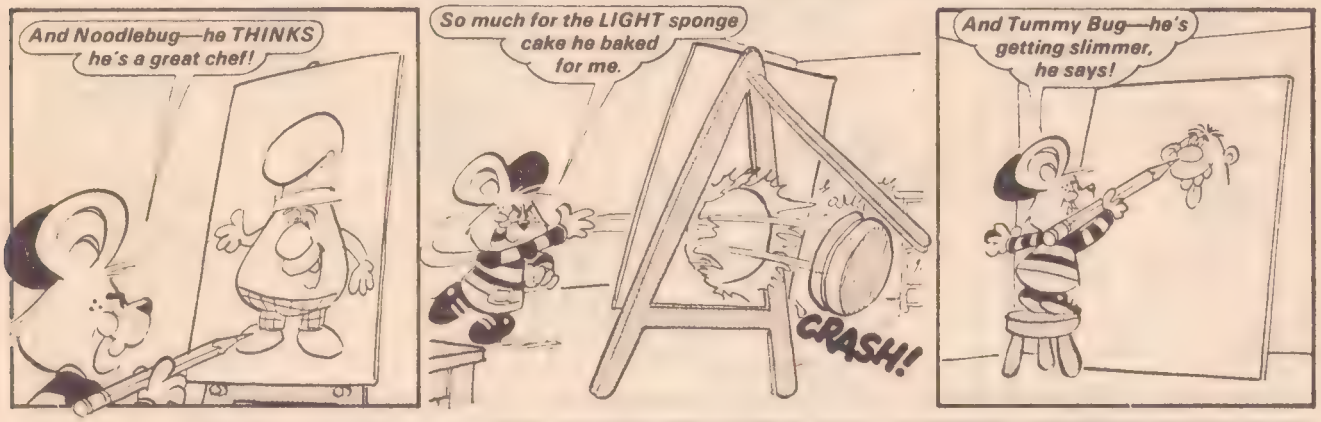
SHORTLY— THUMP! BOUNCE! Basil's poor again, but he hasn't lost his BOUNCE! Of course you can have your job back, Crumb! I need someone to kick around! Har-har!

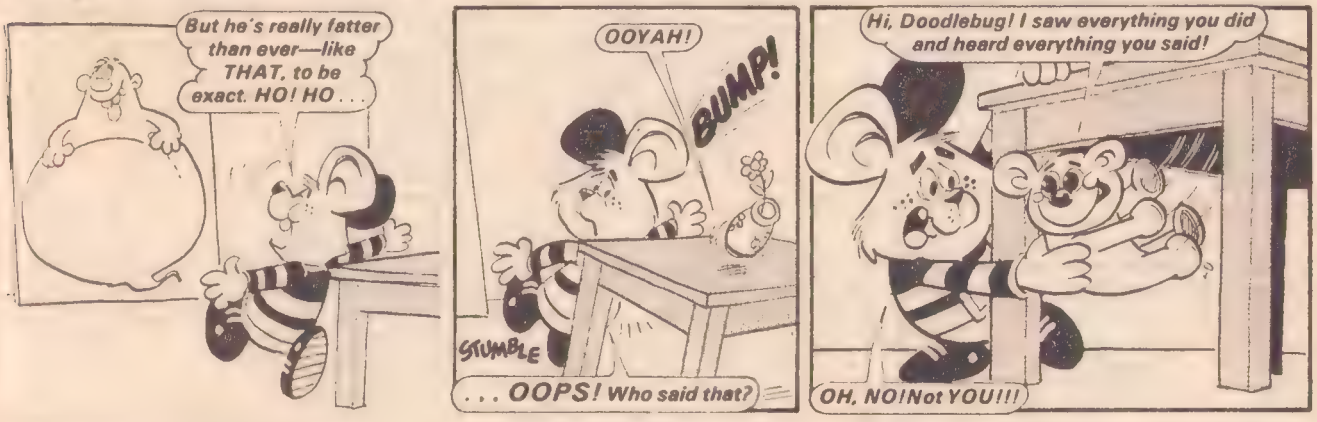
SAMUEL CREEPS

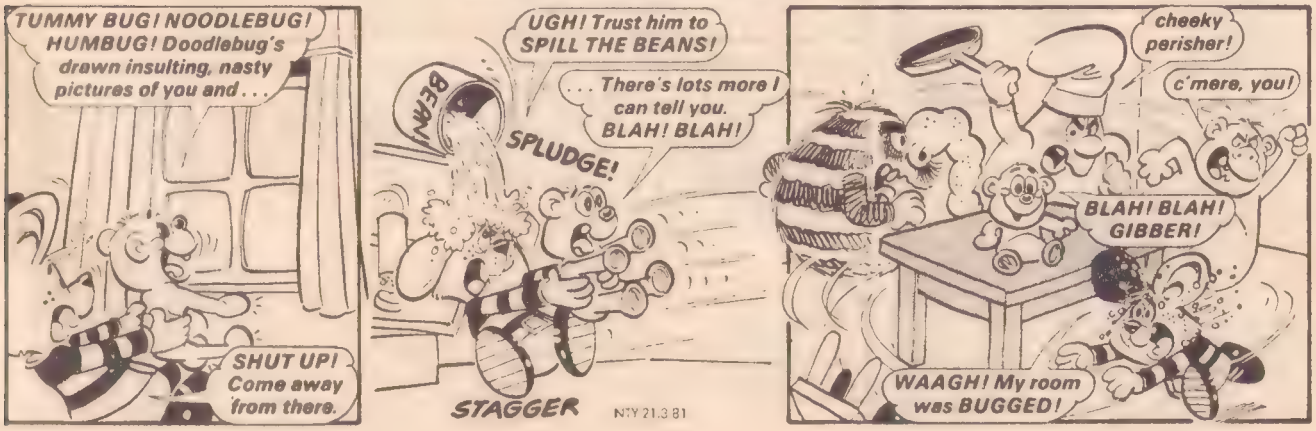
I'll read you my latest poem, Samuel.
POET'S CORNER
Oh, do, Cedric!
I wish I were a birdie,
Way up in the sky!
Then I'd flap my little wings,
And I'd start to . . .
KICK!
FLY-EEEE!
Poetry! It's a load of rubbish!
Ignore them, Delmar! Read your new poem to me!
Will do, Sammykins!
My garden is a lovely place. It puts a smile upon my face!
But your garden doesn't need . . .
URK!
. . . A horrible, ugly, little WEED!
This is outrageous!
YEUCH! Only a simpering creep would carry around poetry books all day!
IS THAT SO?
Carrying around poetry books is my job, and I don't like your remarks!
EEK!
MUMMY!
INTER-POEM
POETRY BOOK DELIVERY SERVICE
Here's the books you ordered, Sammypoo.
And here's a bunch of fives for YOU!
THUNK!
There are many lovely sights to see,
A flower, a shrub, a stream, a tree,
The busy bees around their hives,
But best of all . . . A BUNCH OF FIVES.
INTER-POEM
POETRY BOOK DELIVERY SERVICE
NTY 21.3.81

DOODLEBUG


What a weird lot they are. I think I'll draw some of the other Bugs today.
Take Humbug for instance. He's really very NASTY and very, very HORRIBLE!
HEE! HEE! That's for being nasty to ME so much.
FLING
I've ALWAYS wanted to do that to him. CHUCKLE!
BOOT!


And Noodlebug—he THINKS he's a great chef!
So much for the LIGHT sponge cake he baked for me.
CRASH!
And Tummy Bug—he's getting slimmer, he says!


But he's really fatter than ever—like THAT, to be exact. HO! HO . . .
OOYAH!
BUMP!
STUMBLE
. . . OOPS! Who said that?
Hi, Doodlebug! I saw everything you did and heard everything you said!
OH, NO! Not YOU!!!


TUMMY BUG! NOODLEBUG! HUMBUG! Doodlebug's drawn insulting, nasty pictures of you and . . .
SHUT UP! Come away from there.
UGH! Trust him to SPILL THE BEANS!
. . . There's lots more I can tell you. BLAH! BLAH!
BEANY
SPLUDGE!
STAGGER
NTY 21.3.81
cheeky perisher!
c'mere, you!
BLAH! BLAH! GIBBER!
WAAGH! My room was BUGGED!

BLUBBA AND THE BEAR

I'M GOING TO GET RID OF THAT BEAR ONCE AND FOR ALL!
CHUCKLE!
NOW FOR PART TWO OF MY PLAN.
WITH THIS ROCKET TIED TO MY BACK, HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET AWAY!
FISH!
SOMEONE SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT THESE LOVELY FISH! OH, WELL— FINDERS KEEPERS!
SNIGGER!
WE HAVE LIFT OFF!
ROAR!
HERE I COME, BEAR!
OH, OH! BLUBBA!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!
WHOOPS—I'VE RUN OUT OF ICE!
GOT HIM!
SCREEECH!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE CAUGHT YOU ON THE HOP THIS TIME, BEAR!
HOP?
HOP!
YIPE!
POOR BLUBBA MUST BE HOPPING MAD AT THE MOMENT! CHUCKLE!
HELP!
HOP!
HOP!
HOP!
HOP!
HOP!
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BIG 'N' BUD

What does "abundance" mean, Bud?
It means "a lot of", or something like that.

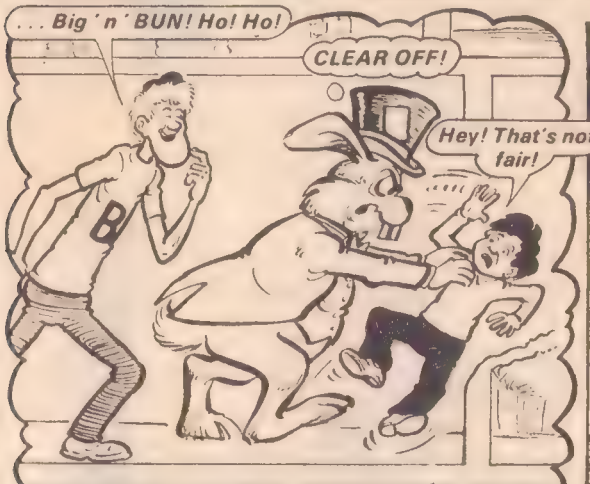
Nope! It's two cookies doing the tango! Ho! Ho!
GROAN! That's awful, Big!

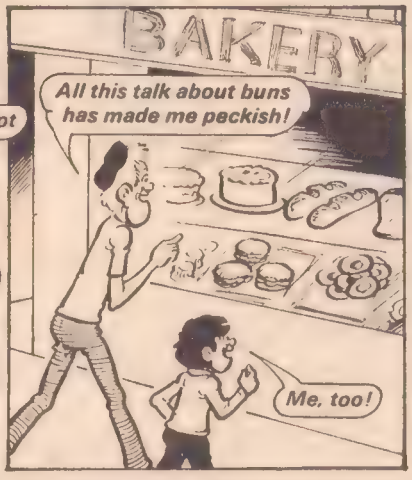
Here's a good one, Big . . . !

. . . What's a hot, cross bun?
That's simple! A small cake!

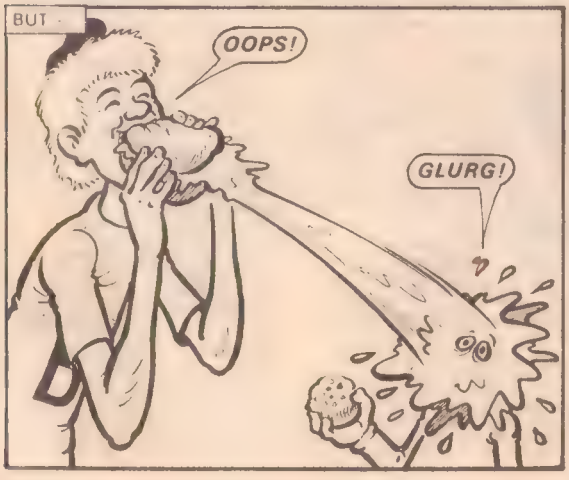
Wrong! It's an angry rabbit who's fed-up being chased. CHUCKLE!

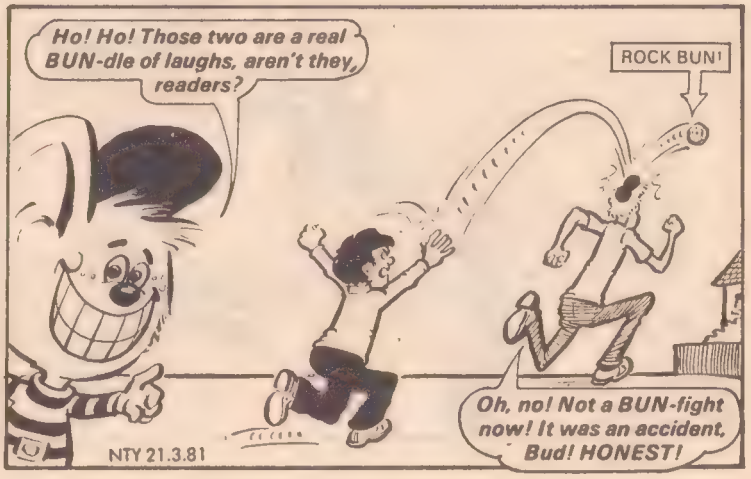
Tch! Tch! Any more jokes like that and the Editor will change next week's page. It'll be . . .


. . . Big 'n' BUN! Ho! Ho!
CLEAR OFF!
Hey! That's not fair!


BAKERY
All this talk about buns has made me peckish!
Me, too!

AND SO—
MMM! I can't wait to scoff this little beauty!


BUT
OOPS!
GLURG!


Ho! Ho! Those two are a real BUN-dle of laughs, aren't they, readers?
ROCK BUN!
Oh, no! Not a BUN-fight now! It was an accident, Bud! HONEST!
NTY 21.3.81

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

That's me, folks!

Scoopy! We've got some space on the front page. Get me another story as fast as you can!

KOKO

Right away, Boss!

BRUM! BRUM!

OUTSIDE—

PADDYWACK & SONS BUILDERS

LIFT

Aha! They're building a new office block next door. Perhaps the foreman has a story or two to tell!

AND SO—

WAAGH!

THUMP!

HI! I'm Scoopy from the "Nutty News". Do you have any interesting stories for my readers?

Indeed I have, young fellow. At least thirty of them!

THIRTY STORIES! Coo! Can I have them?

You can't, I'm afraid! You're standing on them!

BAH! He meant the storeys of the office block!

NUTTY NEWS

Only kidding, young pup! You can have the story about young Joe here dropping off!

Dropping off? Weren't you hurt?

Only when the boss caught me! Ho! Ho!

Fooled again! CHUCKLE!

Sleeping again, eh? Waken up, you lazy twerp!

ZZZZ!

Or I could tell you how two of our lads were in a mix-up this morning!

M-MIX-UP! Gosh! Who won the fight?

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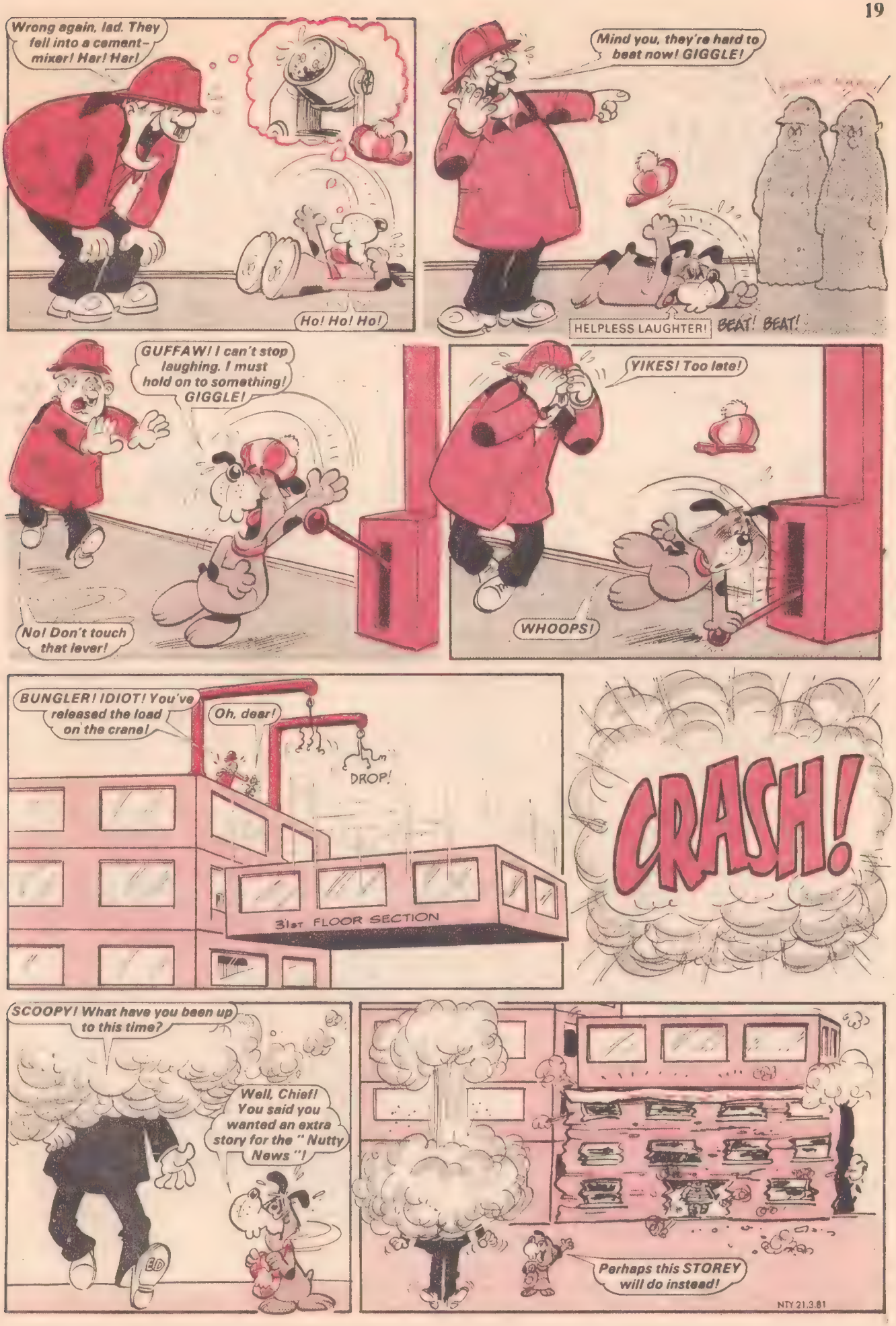
Wrong again, lad. They fell into a cement-mixer! Har! Har!
Ho! Ho! Ho!
Mind you, they're hard to beat now! GIGGLE!
HELPLESS LAUGHTER!
BEAT! BEAT!
GUFFAW! I can't stop laughing. I must hold on to something! GIGGLE!
No! Don't touch that lever!
YIKES! Too late!
WHOOPS!
BUNGLER! IDIOT! You've released the load on the crane!
Oh, dear!
DROP!
31ST FLOOR SECTION
CRASH!
SCOOPY! What have you been up to this time?
Well, Chief! You said you wanted an extra story for the "Nutty News"!
ED
Perhaps this STOREY will do instead!
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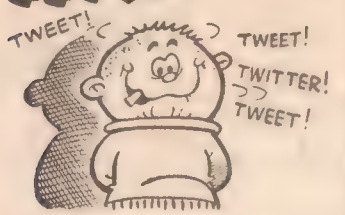
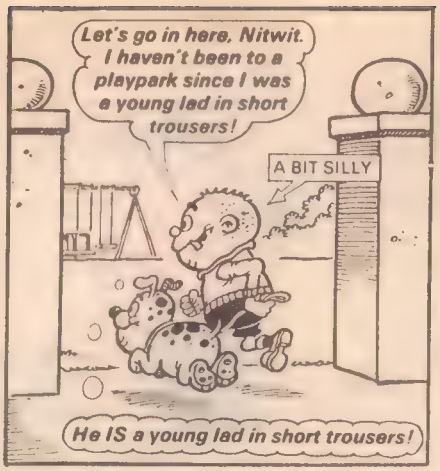
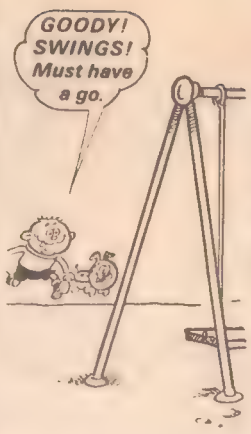
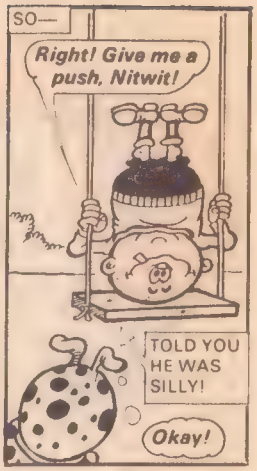
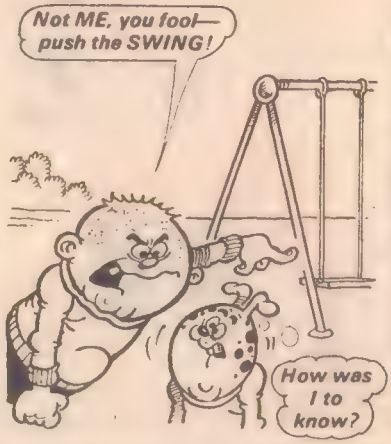
TWEET WILLIAM

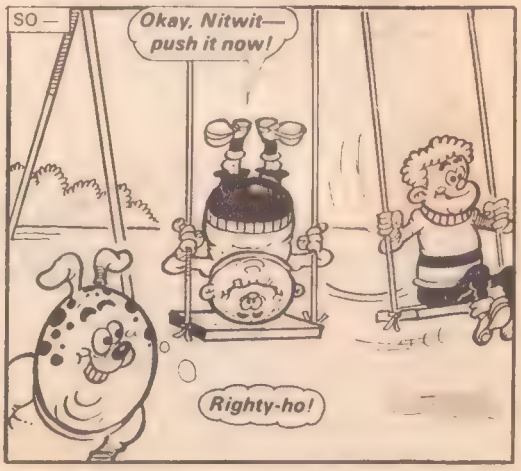


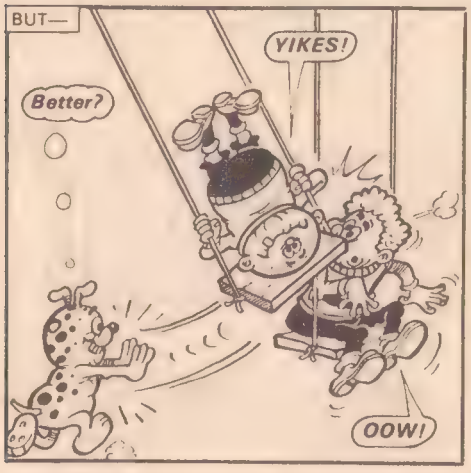

Let's go in here, Nitwit. I haven't been to a playpark since I was a young lad in short trousers!
A BIT SILLY
He IS a young lad in short trousers!

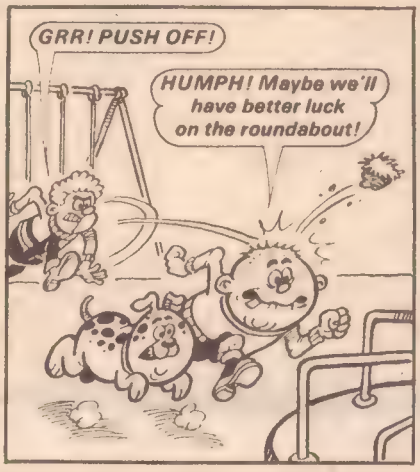


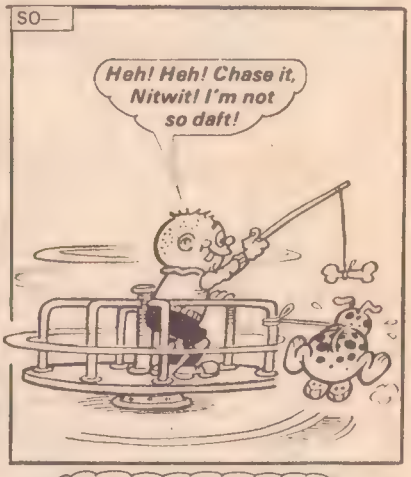


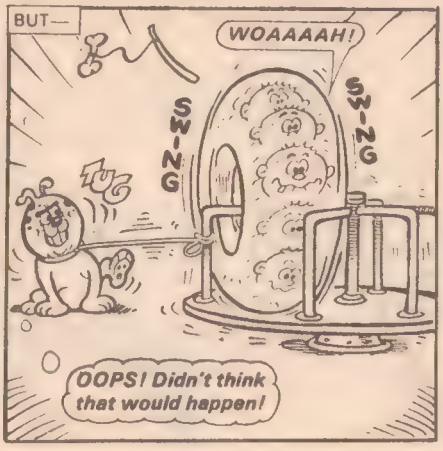


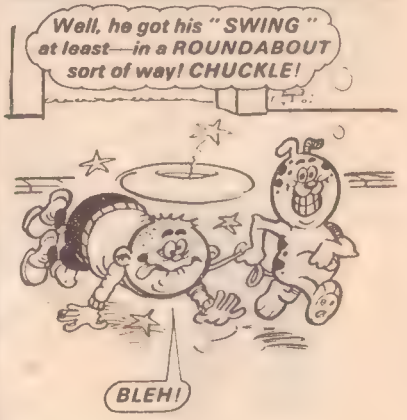












ROCKY
Would you like to be my girlfriend, Pebble?
No fear, Rocky! I don't like your teeth!
No wonder she doesn't like my teeth! Look at those gaps!
When I'm out hunting, I'll bag some monster teeth . . .
. . . And fit a couple into my gaps!
SO—
STONE CLUB
Come back, Fangface!
!?!
UH? Where's he gone?
CRUNCH!
NOSH!
MMM! Tasty!
YIKES! That's my club.
Oh, well! Have it back, then!
OOH! These stone chips are just what I need . . . to make false teeth!
THEN—
Hi, Pebble! What about being my girlfriend NOW?
I told you already . . .
. . . I don't like your teeth! That's why I'm going out with Granite!
SWOON!
Oh, no! She doesn't like ANY kind of teeth!
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Doodlebug's POSTBAG

WIN £2 pocket money postal orders for every letter (or doodle) printed on this page.

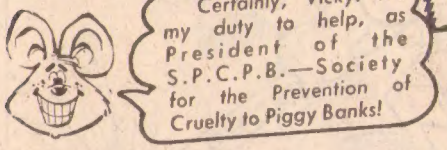
An Australian was showing a man from Texas round his farm one day. He pointed to his cows. "Why," said the Texan, "back home we have pigs as big as those." Then the Australian showed him his sheep. "Back home, we've got cats bigger than them." And then a kangaroo came hopping by. "Say," called the Texan, "but you sure have fine big grasshoppers out here!" NEIL COBURN, SHEFFORD, BERKS.

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like an ice cream!"
"So do I! Go and fetch me one."
MARC LEADBETTER, NEWTOWN, POWYS.

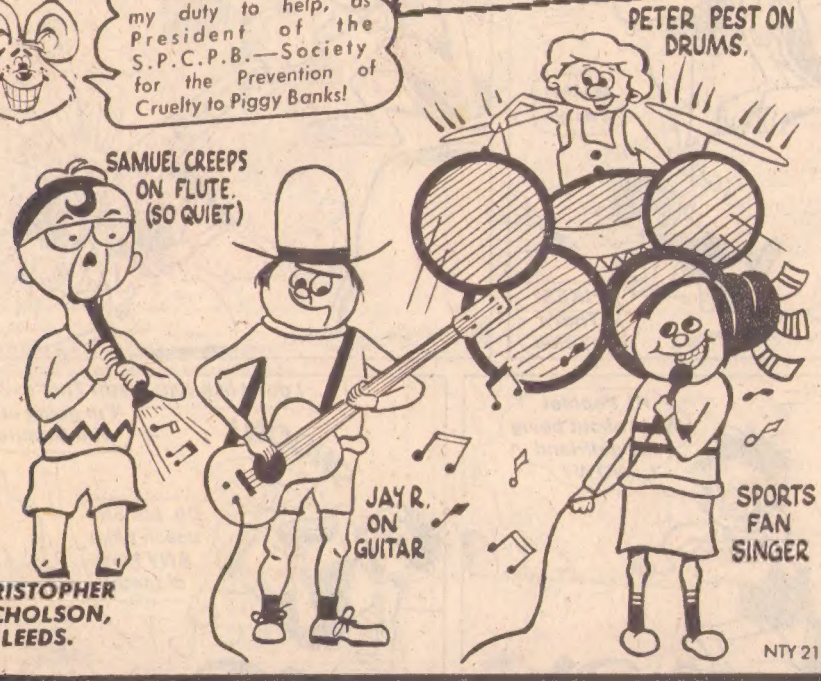
ALAN TANG, SHEFFIELD.

Haggis the Wonder Dog
CHRISTOPHER QUIDLEY, LONDON.

Dear Doodlebug,
My piggy bank asked me to tell you that he hasn't had any food lately. No fifty pence pieces, no pound notes, not even a ten penny piece. So, he asked me to write to this kind comic, NUTTY, and see if you could fill him up a bit.
VICKY SWEINY, WIMBLEDON.



What's the difference between the Prince of Wales, a bald head and a monkey's mother?
One is the heir apparent, one has no hair apparent, and one is a hairy parent!
ROLAND READ, TOTTON, HANTS.



CHRISTOPHER NICHOLSON, LEEDS.

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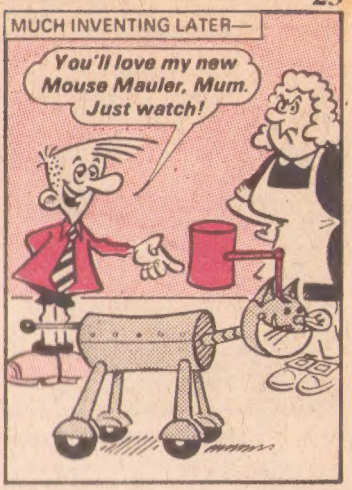
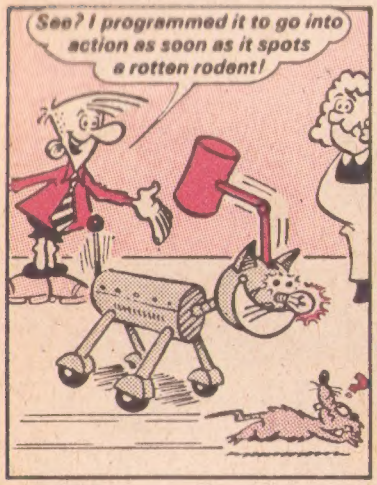
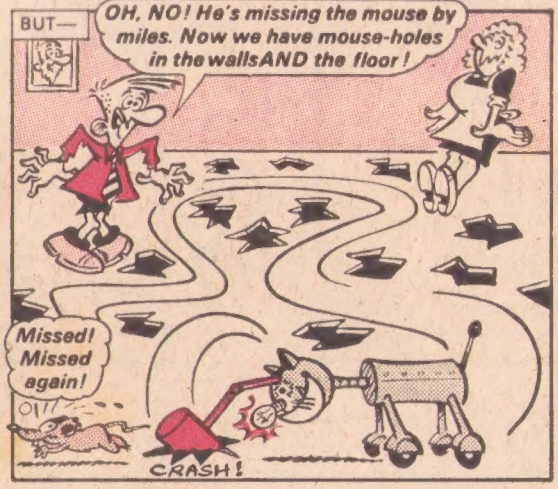
Don't forget to include your name and address when writing to Doodlebug!

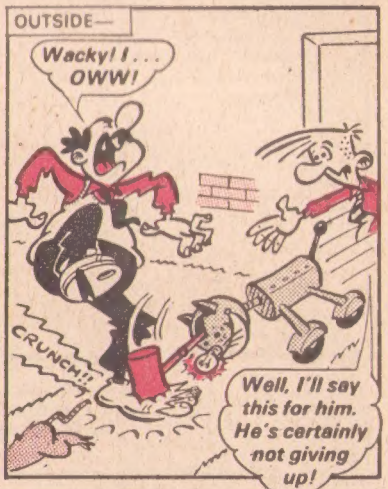
Send your "doodles," jokes, etc. (postcards are better) to me; Doodlebug, "NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London, NW5 3BN. Remember—£2 Postal Order for every one printed. Don't dilly-dally—DOODLE!

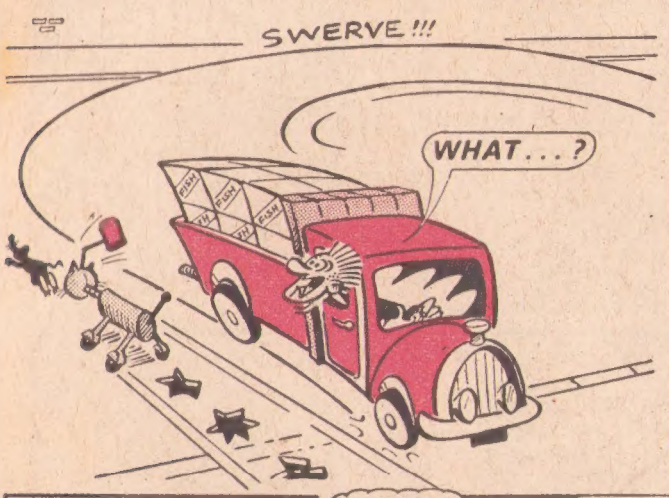
WACKY
The CRACKPOT INVENTOR

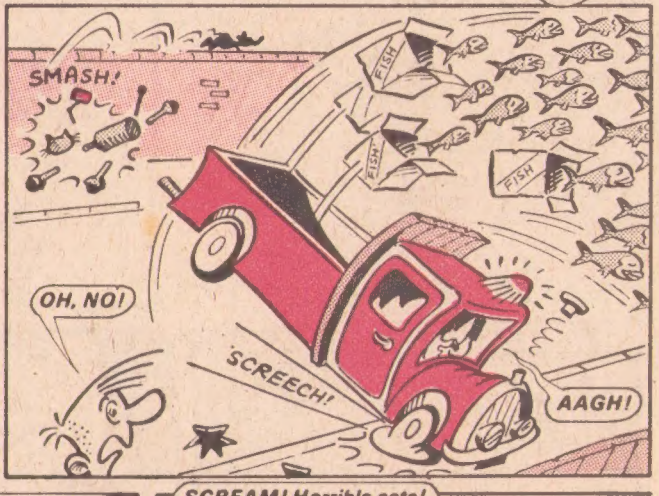


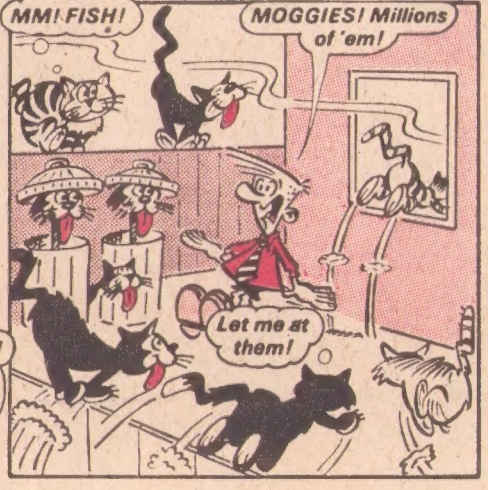


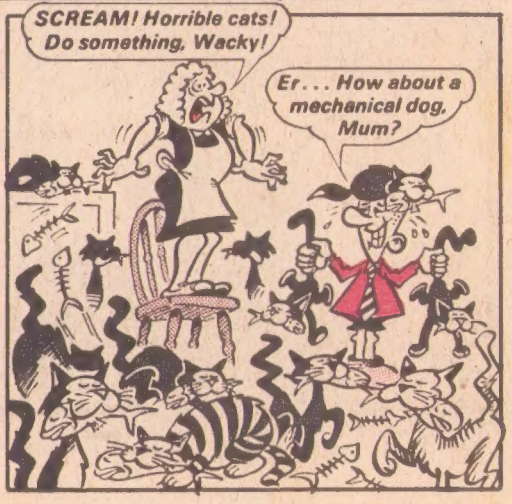












Continued from front page.
GIMME THAT BIG FAT WORM. I SAW IT FIRST—IT'S MINE!
B-but, it's not . . .
TOO LATE—
CHOMP! Funny-tasting worm, this!
Oh-oh!
SUDDENLY—
GLERK! What's happened to me?
I knew it! He's turned into a BANANAFROG!
THEN—
WOWEE! Look at me—I'm amazing! CROAK!
Just as well I always carry a spare 'nana!
AND SO, ERIC EATS HIS 'NANA, TO INSTANTLY BECOME . . .
FOOSH
. . . BANANAMAN!
Better stop him, using my BANANAFLY costume capsule!
I'm off to conquer the World!
AND SO—
Pretty cunning disguise, eh, readers?
CROAK! CROAK!
WOWEE! Did you ever see such a fly? What a tasty-looking morsel. Think I'll eat it now!
He's fallen for it!
Sorry, Froggy, but it's time for you to HOP IT to jail!
THUNK!
GLOOPF!
SHORTLY, BACK AS ERIC WIMP—
What an exciting nature ramble, eh, readers?
READER'S VOICE
But, what happened to Frogman, Eric?
CROAK!
FROGMAN? Oh, he's getting TOAD . . . er . . . TOWED away by the police! Heh! Heh!
POLICE

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